THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

As your numbers are sometimes enlivened with entertaining anecdotes, I send you one I met with some time ago, in one of our News-papers: and to this I shall add an account of what happened to me in consequence of it. It was of a "Field-Preacher," who took it into his head to represent the different stages of human life, by the punctuations of the grammar. The paper is not now in my possession, but, according to my best recollection, the good man said, that youth was a *Comma*, Manhood a *Semicolon*, Old-Age a *Colon*,—to which death put a *Period*. This conceit became the more instructive and amusing from the information which accompanied the anecdote, that the Preacher had once been a Printer. You must know that these popular preachers are very famous for their rhetoric; and as all Types are figurative, our quandam printer very naturally derived his tropes from the press.

This set me a thinking on the many excellent rhetorical flourishes with which the preachers of the present age might embellish their discourses, from their respective occupations in life. As I was musing on this subject I fell asleep, and the following dream was the result.

Methought I saw a vast concourse of people at a Camp Meeting in a neighbouring county, which shall be nameless, and I distinguished several persons in the croud who seemed to be rather different from the rest, in the expression of their countenances, and some articles of their apparel. Upon enquiring who they were. I was told they were the Preachers. My informant, who, I found was no great friend to the sacerdotal Function, whispered me in the ear, that one was a schoolmaster, and another a Blacksmith, one a Carpenter, one a Mower, and one a Taylor. We had scarcely done speaking, when the Pedagogue arose. He told us it was not his intention, then, to expound to us any passage of scripture, but merely to caution us to take care how we behaved ourselves on so solemn an occasion. He gave us to understand that he and his brethren were all inspired men; that they laboured only for our good, and that we might depend upon it we should sorely repent it, if we did not attend diligently to their instructions, and be able to give a good account of ourselves when we were called up to undergo an *examination*. After this preparation, the son of Vulcan got up, with great solemnity, and began his harangue. The man went on, I thought, with a good deal of sense and moderation for two or three minutes, but as soon as he got his bellows fairly a-going, he scattered sparks and coals of fire in great abundance, promiscously through the congregation; nor did he rest till he had consigned some of the most hardened amongst them to the very hottest *Furnace* he could prepare for their reception. The Carpenter rose next, and spoke for a while, very rationably, about the shortness and uncertainty of life; but happening to mention something of "the axe being laid to the root," he began to lay about him with great fury, and cut down a considerable number of his hearers before they were aware.

The Mower, who, hearing what was going on, had just left his meadow, in order to make hay of men, 'while the sun shone,' and bear his part in doing good, made his exhibition next. His sermon was very pithy; but he seemed to view the people that were before him as so many blades of grass, and in an instant, with one sweep of his *Scythe*, made a swath through the middle of them.

The next that mounted the rostrum was the gentleman of the Thimble, whose discourse appeared to one to be rational and scriptural enough. He spoke of the necessity and convenience of good *Habits* with much propriety, and seemingly with considerable effect. But unfortunately saying something about preserving the *thread* of his discourse, it reminded him of his shears, and without affording any time for the forming of the good habits he had recommended, he cut the 'brittle thread of life' in two. I was sorry for his precipitation, because I thought I discovered purposes of amendment in the countenances of several profligate young men of my acquaintance, who probably would have profited by the sermon, if they had been spared.

Such were the workings of my imagination in my sleep; and as the whole scene was, properly speaking, a "reign of terrors," I need not tell you that I was glad, upon awaking, to find it was a dream, and that I was still in the land of the living.

But I must not omit to mention some other circumstances that occurred in my dream, which I thought at the time to be a little extraordinary. Some humane people, and physicians amongst others, who happened to be present, pitying the situation of those that had fallen by these unexpected strokes, particularly, two or three young women and as many children, had agreed to try if they could not bring some of them to life again. They were just going to make the experiment, when the preachers, in a peremptory tone, ordered them to desist, crying out that they were every one converted, that they were in a trance, and perfectly happy. Yet I was somewhat uneasy on their account, but luckily a sudden shower of rain coming up relieved both them and me; for they revived instantly, and scampered into the tents as fast as any of us all.

I was surprized, too, at the immense variety of things that were going on, in and about the Camp: Some were preaching, as they called it, and some exhorting, some praying and some laughing, some singing and others dancing. Methought there could not have been a greater confusion of tongues in the tower of Babel, nor a greater variety of gambols in a playhouse or racefield than were there exhibited. On one side of the Camp there was a kind of huckster's tent belonging, as I understood, to one of the preacher's, in which good books were to be sold for the edification of the "godly," and amongst the rest, I observed a parcel of our own Virginia almanacs. Nearly opposite to this was a tent which I perceived to be much frequented, and upon approaching nearer to see what was to be had there, I found that it belonged to a Sutler who had a good stock of rum, whiskey, and cakes to sell, for the use of such as had not been provident enough to bring those articles from home. In the suburbs of the Camp I descried a tent which was more frequented even than the Sutler's. Upon coming up I found that this was filled by a parcel of gamblers, some of whom were engaged at cards, while the rest were anxiously looking on. While I was reflecting on the great impropriety of such things, at a religious meeting, I was all at once interrupted by a noise which I heard at some little distance behind me. This I concluded to proceed from some other Camp of roving pilgrims who were rejoicing at some of their new-fangled conversions also; but upon looking round, I discovered a parcel of merry fellows engaged in a horse-race, and that the shouting proceeded from those that had been fortunate enough to bet on the winning horse.

I discovered many other things that I thought remarkable (for you know how extravagant one's imagination is when one is asleep) but lest I should tire your patience I shall relate only one circumstance more. I observed a considerable number of persons of both sexes, were very light and airy in their dress and deportment, and seemed to form quite a distinct company, upon being informed that they were a parcel of 'lewd fellows,' and women 'of the baser sort,' I could not help expressing my astonishment that such great sinners should be so merry and unconcerned, when the preachers were cutting down so many before their eyes. But I was soon given to understand that they considered this sort of religion as a mere farce—that they did not consider themselves as under any obligation to be alarmed by these field-preachers, and, in short, that camp-meetings had become a common place of assignation for all the licentious and lewd who were fortunate enough to be within reach of them.

It occured to me in my sleep that if such were the consequences of camp meetings, however pure might be the intentions of those that appointed them, it would be very prudent to discontinue them.

I understood that these people were to remain on the ground all night, and I determined to take my horse and come home; but by the exertion of mounting I awoke. I can, therefore, give you no account of what was transacted in the night.

I am, Gentlemen,

your humble servant,

S.

S. D. Blair

FOR THE VISITOR.

APHORISMS.

The hiſtory of all countries furniſh ſttikiug inſtances of the arts being brought nearer to perfection in proportion as they poſſeſs and preſerve their liberties.

We are apt to judge of others through a leſs favourable medium than we do ourſelves; but the general opinion of the world will ſpeak truth too plainly for this illuſion to ſpread far.

The beſt imitations may generally be diſtinguiſhed by an air of ſtiffneſs; he that treads in the ſteps of one going before him moves with more labor and leſs ſelf-complacency.

It has been a faſhionable opinion that we may be made orators; but all the writings on the ſubject from Cicero to Sheridan will never complete the character, without the grace of nature and the gift of genius.

The want of diſcretion in our intercourſe with the world renders the moſt ſhining talents more dangerous than uſeful to the poſſeſſor and may create him more enemies than admirers.

Self-preſervation is perhaps one of the ſtrongeſt principles in nature; the hardy ſons of the ocean when their deſtiny ſeems inevitable, will look danger in the face; but let the ſmalleſt ray of hope begin to dawn, the ſailor will exert every nerve to eſcape that fate which but a few minutes before he was ready to meet with ſo much unconcern.

There is no ſpecies of vanity more ridiculous than that of valuing ourſelves moſt on what we poſſeſs but ſuperficially, and affecting to treat ſlightly that which conſtitutes our chief excellence.

The pertinacity of ignorance, and the vauntings of arrogance, are beſt corrected by the pleaſantry of humour, and the coolneſs of contempt.

Metaphors and compariſons in argument are artful expedients of the mind to elude that exact definition which ſo often baffles all its powers.

The neareſt way to ſucceſs is to practice no deception. Sincerity gives a man reſpectability and frees him from all thoſe fears and anxieties which harraſs and perplex a deſigning character.

Hypocriſy in religion is the worſt of all deceptions, becauſe it poiſons the very ſource of truth, and expoſes the moſt ſacred authorities to doubt and deriſion.

Ceremony like drapery to a picture, is no more than decoration; but good manners proceed from a diſpoſition to bear the frailties of others, and a deſire to guard our own againſt giving offence. Z.

THE CHOICE OF ANNETTE.

A ſimple fragment.

Like the fair ſhrub, which ſprings on the ſouthern hill, in the bloom of its ſcented beauty, was the form of Annette; and the heart of Annette was worthy of the lovely caſket that contained it.

Lubin and Henri tuned their voices to the name, and in the praiſe of Annette. The hills flung the ſweet ſounds to the vales, and the vales echoed them back to the hills. The perſons of the ſwains were both goodly as two vigorous young oaks, which o'erlook their leafy neighbours; their flocks were equal, ſo was their good name among the ſhepherds:—and the heart of Annette was undecided in its choice.

When the golden moments of opportunity offered, and Henri whiſpered his tale in the ear of Annette, ever would he load the character of Lubin with evil deeds, and endeavour to ſink him low in the opinion of Annette, as the worthleſs plant, that bears neither fruit nor flower. Not ſo Lubin, he was content with urging his own wiſhes; for though he knew Henri was his rival, yet there was a pure ſpark of honour in his breaſt, which would not let his tongue utter the language of falſehood. Annette liked not this in Henri, for ſhe new Lubin was virtuous; but ſhe had heard many of the love ballads of the ſhepherds, which ſaid, "that love ſeperated the bonds of friendſhip;" and in the fervour of Henri's love for her, ſhe found his excuſe.

Once, when the light of day was faſt journeying towards the glowing weſt, and gilded the mountains tops with his departing rays; when the ſoft breeze of eve, wafted around the ſweets which ſprang on its wings from the blooming flowret, and rippled the boſom of the lake Henri poured forth the hopes, and ſorrows of his love, as with Annette he ſtrolled over the mountains. As they paſſed a chaſm, Annette eſpied a lamb, which had fallen into it, and which muſt ſhortly periſh, unleſs ſome friendly hand came to its aſſiſtance: ſhe wiſhed Henri to extricate it from its ſad ſituation but he ſaw it was Lubin's, and ſaid as it belonged to an unworthy maſter, it might die! As he ſpoke, Annette perceived at ſome diſtance, a ſhaggy wolf bearing away a tender kid, and Lubin purſuing it over the dangerous paſſes of the mountain, with the ſteps of youth and activity;—he o'ertook the monſter,—his courage prevailed,—it fell beneath the ſtrength of his arm,—and he preſerved the as yet unhurt kid. Lubin ſaw Annette and Henri, above him on the mountain, and aſcended towards them, bearing the kid in his arms—he preſented it to Henri, for 'twas his.—Lubin had ſeen the wolf ſteal it from among the flocks of Henri, and had ran to reſcue it.

No longer doubtful was the choice of Annette—The merit of Lubin burſt through the miſt of ſlander, with which Henri had been darkening it; as the glorious rays of the ſun pierce the fogs of man. Theſe love-ballads, from which ſhe had drawn formerly an excuſe for Henri, ſhe now recollected, all declared, "that in a heart cheered by the pure flame of love, the roſe of generoſity, and the lily of humanity, ever flouriſhed."

After Lubin had got his lamb from the chaſm, Annette turned upon him the ſmiling eye of approbation; ſhe took his diſengaged arm, and they left Henri, whoſe heart was not deſtitute of feeling, overwhelmed with confuſion.

As they went. Annette lent a favourable ear to the ſoft murmurings of Lubin's love;—and they were happy. LA FLEUR.

THE FATAL EFFECTS OF HEROISM:

An Hiſtorical Fact.

In the conteſt between the Houſes of Auſtria and Bourdon, for the throne of Spain, which continued during nearly all the reign of Queen Anne, the city and port of Alicant, in the kingdom of Spain, was in poſſeſſion of Major-General Richards, an Engliſhman, in the ſervice of Charles III. of Auſtria one of the competitors. The city being long and cloſely beſieged by a large French army, with a numerous train of artillery, became at laſt untenable; and General Richards having called a council of war, it was reſolved to retire with the garriſon into the caſtle, which was then eſteemed impregnable. They, with incredible labour, ſunk three ciſterns in the ſolid rock, and having filled them with water, the troops retired, conſiſting of one Engliſh regiment (Hotham's) and a regiment of French refugees in Britiſh pay. The French finding they could make no progreſs in a regular ſiege againſt this fortreſs, reſolved upon mining, a work exceſſively laborious and tedious. General Richards, daily in hopes of relief from the Britiſh fleet, was well pleaſed at this undertaking of the enemy, looking on the accompliſhment of it as a thing impoſſible. The beſiegers wrought with incredible labour at the mine, forcing vaſt numbers of peaſants to aſſiſt; and in about twelve weeks finiſhed the works thought proper for the ſervice, and charging them with 1500 barrels of powder, large beams, iron bars, crows, and other utenſils of deſtruction, ſummoned the caſtle to ſurrender on the 20th of March 1707, moſt ſolemnly aſſuring them a ſafe conduct to Barcelona, with bag and baggage, for every perſon in it, if they ſubmitted in three days, otherwiſe no mercy would be ſhewn; and to demonſtrate the reality of their deſign, they deſired the garriſon to depute three officers of ſkill to inſpect their works, and to be allowed the liberty of making what ſcrutiny they pleaſed. Three engineers from the caſtle inſpected the works, and informed their General that if their judgment failed them not, the exploſion would carry up the whole caſtle. A grand council of war was called, the French ſummons repeated, and the report of the engineers made known to it. They knew they wanted water, but ſtill had hopes of being relieved by the fleet, who knew their diſtreſs, and conſequently under ſome concern for their relief. Their unanimous reſolution was to commit themſelves to the providence of God, and whatever fate attended them to ſtand the ſpringing of the mine. The French and Spaniſh officers expreſſed the utmoſt concern at a reſolution ſo fatal, and ſent the ſecond night of three allowed, to divert them from what they called, and it is very likely thought inexcuſable obſtinacy. Honourable articles were again offered, and again rejected. The fatal third night approached; no fleet ſeen; the French ſent the laſt ſummons, with aſſurance that the mine was primed, and ſhould be ſprung by ſix o'clock the next morning. The beſieged were inflexible; they perſiſted in their firſt reſolution,

and having ordered every thing for the night, betook themſelves to their meditations, and with cool unſhaken conſtancy waited the fatal hour. The day approaching, the Governor was informed that the inhabitants were flying in all directions, and he then, with the other officers, went to the weſtern battery to inform themſelves. At laſt the corporal's guard cried out, the train was fired; obſerving ſmoke from the lighted matches and combuſtible matter. The Governor and field officers, were urged to remove, but refuſed. The mine at laſt blew up, the rock opened and ſhut, and the whole mountain was convulſed. The Governor and field officers, with their company, and about thirty centinels, and women, ten guns and two mortars, were buried in the abyſs, and their dying groans were heard, ſome of them after the mournful fourth day. Great part of the caſtle, and many of the houſes in the city were overwhelmed in the ruins. The government devolved upon Colonel de Albon, who made a deſperate ſally, and the bombs of the caſtle played more furiouſly than ever upon the town in every direction; thus, in ſome meaſure, revenging the death of his brave companions, and continued theſe marks of reſentment till the arrival of the long expected fleet.

Criticism.

CORINNA, OR ITALY;

By Madame De Stael Holſtein. From La Beau Monde.

No longer fearing to enter the liſts of her rival man, we have of late ſeen the flowers of literature twining round the female brow with no inconſiderable attractions. Whilſt the names of a Radcliffe, a Weſt, a Porter, and an Owenſon, have ſtamped a juſt celebrity on the works of taſte and fiction; thoſe flowers have not bloſſomed on Britiſh ſoil only; but have ſhed their fragrance from a neighbouring kingdom, and have expanded even amidſt the unfavourable influence of war, and thoſe convulſions in the political hemiſphere alike fatal to genius, the arts, and ſciences. Happily tyranny cannot triumph over the mind, or deſtroy the fairy bloſſoms of imagination that poſſeſs a magic charm, for the favoured children of genius. When retiring from political controverſy and purſuits, to tread in the ſafer though ſimple paths of romance, the names of a *Genlis* and *de Staël* attract the attention, it is impoſſible not to acknowledge their influence over the charmed eye, as it wanders delighted through its pages. From her retreat in Switzerland (which in a letter addreſſed to a friend, ſhe deſcribes moſt forcibly and moſt feelingly as *un pays anonyme*) M. de Stael has preſented to the world another novel under the the title of *Corinna* or *Italy* containing a picture, and we doubt not a very correct one, of the manners, cuſtoms, and character of that climate; to introduce which, in a light attractive dreſs, this ſtory appears to have been written, rather than with the general deſign of ſuch works, to keep alive the attention by the marvellous, or the intereſt by the ſofter paſſions. The following is the outline of the ſtory:—Lord Nelvil, an Engliſh, or rather a Scotch nobleman, under the influence of ſome ſecret ſorrow, which preys equally upon his mind and health, is determined to try the charm of a ſouthern atmoſphere, and the effects of an Italian ſky. In the early part of his tour he meets with, and makes the companion of it, a French nobleman poſſeſſing all the gaiety of his country, and formed to amuſe any one but him whoſe heart, like Lord Nelvil's, concealed the barbed dart of ſorrow. Uninfluenced either by the pleaſantry of his companion, or the brighter ſky that ſurrounds him, our Engliſh traveller arrives at Rome, and from this moment the eventful period of his life commences.

Paſſing one day through the ſtreets, he obſerves unuſual demonſtrations of joy, and the name of *Corinna* is echoed from every quarter. He aſks of every one who this Corinna is, and he at length learns that this moſt beautiful and accompliſhed of the Italian ladies, is to be publicly crowned for her talents, and curioſity leads him to join the throng in witneſſing this extraordinary ceremony. Like all heroines of romance, the firſt glance determines the fate of Corinna, and attaches her with all the ardour of uncontrouled affection to the cold Engliſhman. A dazzling meteor that plays forever before his eyes, gifted with all the graces, and all the talents of her own ſex; a painter, a poeteſs, a muſician, poſſeſſing all the beauties of an Engliſhwoman, and all the witcheries of an Italian, is it to be wondered at, that even in oppoſition to the habits of his country, to the influence of ſorrow, and to the laſt wiſhes of a deceaſed father, devoted to the name of an Engliſhman, and with his national antipathy diſdaining every other, that Lord Nelvil is at length overcome by its dazzling brightneſs, and exiſts but in its beams. Living only to be loved, and living during two years in Lord Nelvil's ſociety, who will neither leave nor marry her, Corinna ſacrifices, not her reputation (for that does not appear to enter into the recollection of the fair Italian) but her claims to public homage, her talents, her mind, her enthuſiaſm, and is another Eloiſa. Whilſt the one ſays,

"Fame, Wealth, and Honour, what are ye to love?"

Corinna declares, "She on her part had not wiſhed always to be united by the conjugal tie to Oſwald; and had ſhe been certain that he would never leave her, ſhe would have wanted nothing more to make her happy; but ſhe was ſufficiently acquainted with his diſpoſition to know that he had no idea of happineſs except in domeſtic life, and that he could not relinquiſh his intention of marrying her without loving her leſs."

And here Corinna, alas! finds the fatal conſequences of uncontrouled and confiding paſſion; and experiencing the caprice and deſertion of her lover, who, preferring the domeſtic character of the woman of his happier nation, to the dangerous and dazzling brightneſs of the Italian enchantreſs, marries her ſiſter educated in England, and Corinna dies the victim of her lover's *irreſolution* rather than caprice, who had not the courage to marry a woman who had ſacrificed to him her word, her fame, and her happineſs. Corinna, crowned publicly with laurel, Corinna, as an improviſatora, as an actreſs, as an artiſt, exhibiting before admiring crowds *publicly*, all theſe varied talents, is a character an Engliſhwoman happily cannot comprehend, and Madame de Stael, perhaps, means with candour to mark the bright ſhade of national difference by giving the following obſervations to Lady Edgermond, the mother of Lord Nelvil's wife: "I make no allowance for talents which turn a female from the path of duty. There are actreſſes, muſicians, and artiſts in abundance to amuſe the world; but for women of our rank, their moſt proper duties conſiſt in devoting themſelves to their huſbands, and to the right education of their children"—and again, with more liberality than the authors in her country evince towards our rival nation, ſhe pays to our own the juſteſt and handſomeſt encomium in the following picture of it:—"as ſoon as Lord Nelvil ſet his foot in England, he was ſtruck with the regularity and freedom, the riches and induſtry which were preſented to his view; the inclinations, habits and taſtes which he had imbibed, were renewed with more force than ever. In this country where the men have ſo much dignity, and the women ſo much modeſty, where domeſtic happineſs is the bond of public tranquility. Lord Nelvil thought only of Italy in order to complain of it. It ſeemed to him, that in his own country human reaſon was nobly imprinted on all around him, while in Italy the inſtitutions and the ſtate of Society only recalled to his mind, in many reſpects, confuſion, weakneſs and ignorance. The ſeducing pictures, the poetical expreſſions of Italy, gave way to the profounder ſentiments of liberty and morality; and much as he cheriſhed the memory of Corinna, he blamed her gently, for being wearied with living in a country abounding with every thing noble and wiſe.

We cannot help being flattered, that ſuch is the opinion formed of our national character and ſuperiority, by ſuch a woman as Madame de Stael, who has given us in this work ſome excellent ſpecimens of her fine claſſic taſte and highly cultivated mind; in her very accurate and elegant deſcription of Rome, of Naples, and Florence: their paintings, their ſtatues, their buildings, cuſtoms, and manners. We here ſee the pencil not only of the painter, but the pen of refinement and of literary judgment, as well as of enthuſiaſm, genius, and imagination. We only lament that madame de Stael ſhould not be an Engliſhwoman, or give us one of her own accompliſhed and faſcinating heroines, in an Engliſh coſtume, adorned with Engliſh virtues, and Engliſh morality. We cannot cloſe this account without extracting from her work a deſcription of Roman funerals. "A contagious diſtemper, more violent than had been known for a long time, ſuddenly broke out at Rome. A young female was attacked with it, and her family and friends who refuſed to quit her, periſhed with her. The inhabitants of the next houſe ſhared the ſame fate. At every hour of the day, that fraternity, whoſe members are dreſſed in white, and with covered faces accompany the dead to church, was ſeen paſſing the ſtreets of Rome; you would take them for ſhades, or ſpirits come to fetch the deceaſed. The latter are followed with their faces uncovered and upon a kind of bier: nothing but a piece of yellow or roſe-coloured ſatin is thrown over the feet, and the children frequently

amuſe themſelves by playing with the ice-cold hand of the corpſe. This ſpectacle at once terrible and familiar, is accompanied with the diſmal and monotonous murmuring of certain pſalms. It is a muſic without modulation, in which the accent of the human ſoul is never heard." All Madame de Stael's deſcriptions are equally intereſting and entertaining, and although ſhe may not like her own Corinna, have the laurel crown placed publicly on her brow, there is certainly one due to her from the hand of taſte and it will not, perhaps, be the leſs appreciated by her, if a few flowrets from our boaſted ſoil, blend amongſt its foliage, and are entwined in the votive wreath.

HENRY DE MONTMORENCY.

A FRAGMENT.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

Two of the Banditti were high in diſpute, fire flaſhed from their eyes, and their ſcimetars were half unſheathed, and Montmorency, expecting that in the fury of their paſſion, they would cut each other to pieces, waited the event: but, as the authority of their Captain ſoon checked the tumult, he ruſhed in with his followers, and, hurling his lance, "Villains," he exclaimed, "receive the reward of cruelty." The lance bounded innocuous from the ſhield of the leader; who turning quick upon Montmorency, a ſevere engagement enſued; they ſmote with prodigious ſtrength, and the valley reſounded to the clangour of their ſteel. Their falchions, unable to ſuſtain the ſhock, ſhivered into a thouſand peices; when Montmorency, inſtantly elevating with both hands his ſhield, daſhed it with reſiſtleſs force againſt the head of his antagoniſt; lifeleſs he dropped prone upon the ground, and the craſh of his armour bellowed through the hollow rock.

In the mean time his attendants, although they had exerted themſelves with great bravery, and had already diſpatched one of the villains, were, by force of numbers, overpowered, and being bound together, the remainder of the Banditti ruſhed in upon Montmorency juſt as he had ſtretched their commander upon the earth, and obliged him alſo, notwithſtanding the moſt vigorous efforts of valour to ſurrender. The lady who, during the rencounter, had fainted away, waked again to freſh ſcenes of miſery, at the moment when theſe monſters of barbarity were conducting the unfortunate Montmorency and his companions to a dreadful grave. They were led, by a long and intricate paſſage, mid an immenſe aſſemblage of rocks, which, riſing between ſeventy and eighty feet perpendicular, bounded on all ſides a circular plain, into which no opening was apparent, but that through which they came. The moon ſhone bright, and they beheld, in the middle of this plain, a hideous chaſm; it ſeemed near a hundred feet in diameter, and on its brink grew ſeveral trees, whoſe branches, almoſt meeting in the centre, dropped on its infernal mouth a gloom of ſettled horror. "Prepare to die," ſaid one of the banditti; "for into that chaſm ſhall ye be thrown; it is of unfathomable depth, and that ye may not be ignorant of the place ye are ſo ſoon to viſit, we ſhall gratify your curioſity with a view of it." So ſaying, two of them ſeized the wretched Montmorency, and dragging him to the margin of the abyſs, tied him to the trunk of a tree, and having treated his aſſociates in the ſame manner, "look," cried a banditti with a fiendlike ſmile, "look and anticipate the pleaſures of your journey." Diſmay and pale affright ſhook the cold limbs of Montmorency, and as he leant over the illimitable void, the dew ſat in big drops upon his forehead, The moon's rays, ſtreaming in between the branches, ſhed a dim light. ſufficient to diſcloſe a conſiderable part of the vaſt profundity, whoſe depth lay hid; for a ſubteranean river, burſting with tremendous noiſe into its womb, occaſioned ſuch a miſt, from the riſing ſpray, as entirely to conceal the dreary gulf beneath. Shuddering on the edge of this accurſed pit ſtood the miſerable warrior; his eyes were ſtarting from their ſockets, and, as he looked upon the dank abyſs, his ſenſes, blaſted by the view, ſeemed ready to forſake him. Meantime the banditti having unbound one of the attendants, prepared to throw him in; he reſiſted with aſtoniſhing ſtrength, ſhrieking aloud for help, and, juſt as he had reached the ſlippery margin, every fibre of his body racked with agoniſing terror, he flung himſelf with fury backwards on the ground; fierce and wild convulſions ſeized his frame, which being ſoon followed by a ſtate of exhauſtion, he was, in this condition, unable any longer to reſiſt, hurled into the dreadful chaſm; his armour ſtriking upon the rock, there burſt a ſudden effulgence, and the repetition of the ſtroke was heard for many minutes as he deſcended down its rugged ſide.

No words can deſcribe the horrible emotions, which, on the ſight of this ſhocking ſpectacle, tortured the devoted wretches. The ſoul of Montmorency ſank within him, and, as they unbound his laſt fellow ſufferer, his eyes ſhot forth a gleam of vengeful light, and he ground his teeth in ſilent and unutterable anguiſh. The inhuman monſters now laid hold of the unhappy man; he gave no oppoſition, and, though deſpair ſat upon his features, not a ſhriek, not a groan eſcaped him: but no ſooner had he reached the brink, than making a ſudden effort, he liberated an arm, and graſping one of the villains round the waiſt, ſprang headlong with him into the interminable gulf. All was ſilent—but at length a dreadful plunge was heard, and the ſullen deep howled fearfully over its prey. The three remaining banditti ſtood aghaſt; they durſt not unbind Montmorency, but reſolved, as the tree to which he was tied grew near the mouth of the pit, to cut it down and, by that means, he would fall along with it into the chaſm. Montmorency, who, after the example of his attendant, had conceived the hope of avenging himſelf, now ſaw all poſſibility of effecting that deſign taken away; and as the axe entered the trunk, his anguiſh became ſo exceſſive that he fainted. The villains obſerving this, determined, from a malicious prudence, to forbear, as at preſent he was incapable of feeling the terrors of his ſituation. They therefore withdrew, and left him to recover at his leiſure.

Not many minutes had paſſed away when, life and ſenſation returning, the hapleſs Montmorency awoke to the remembrance of his fate. "Have mercy," he exclaimed, the briny ſweat trickling down his pallid features, "O Chriſt, have mercy;" then looking around him, he ſtarted at the abyſs beneath, and, ſhrinking from its ghaſtly brink preſſed cloſe againſt the tree. In a little time, however, he recovered his perfect recollection, and perceiving that the banditti had left him, became more compoſed. His hands, which were bound behind him, he endeavoured to diſentangle, and to his inexpreſſible joy, after many painful efforts, he ſucceeded ſo far as to looſen the cord, and, by a little more perſeverance, effected his liberty. He then ſought round for a place to eſcape through, but without ſucceſs; at length, as he was paſſing on the other ſide of the chaſm, he obſerved a part of its craggy ſide, as he thought, illuminated, and, advancing a little nearer he found that it proceeded from the moon's rays ſhining through a large cleft of the rock, and at a very inconſiderable depth below the ſurface. A gleam of hope now broke in upon his deſpair; and gathering up the ropes which had been uſed for himſelf and his aſſociates, he tied them together, and faſtening one end to the bole of a tree, and the other to his waiſt, he determined to deſcend as far as the illuminated ſpot. Horrible as was the experiment, he heſitated not a moment in putting it into execution, for, when contraſted with his late fears, the mere hazard of an accident weighed as nothing, and the apprehenſion that the villains might return before his purpoſe was ſecure, accelerated, and gave vigour to his efforts. Soon was he ſuſpended in the gloomy abyſs, and neither the roaring of the river, nor the daſhing of the ſpray, intimidated his daring ſpirit, but, having reached the cleft, he crawled within it, then, looſing the chord of his body, he proceeded onwards, and, at laſt, with a rapture no deſcription can paint, diſcerned the appearance of the glen beneath him. He knelt down and returned thanks to heaven for his eſcape.

A Mother to her Daguhter, going to be married.

You are now, my beloved child, about to leave thoſe arms which have hitherto cheriſhed you, and direct your every ſtep, and at length, conducted you to a ſafe, happy, and honorable protection, in the very boſom of love and honour. You muſt be no longer the flighty, inconſiderate, haughty, paſſionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your huſband in view. Reflect how vaſt the ſum of your obligation to the man, who confers upon you independence, diſtinction, and, above all, felicity.

Moderate then, my beloved child, your own private expences, and proportion your general expenditure to the ſtandard of his fortune, or rather his wiſhes.

I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more ſacred duties ſo ſoon to be your ſphere of action. Remember the ſolemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the ſanctity of your condition. You are amenable to ſociety for your example, to your huſband for his honour and happineſs, and to heaven itſelf, for thoſe rich talents intruſted to your care and your improvement; and though, in the maze of pleaſure or the whirl of faſhion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling girl, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence againſt us for our leaſt omiſſion.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ABBEY.

A TALE.

Queen of every moving meaſure,
Sweeteſt ſcource of pureſt pleaſure,
Muſic! why thy powers employ
Only for the ſons of Joy;
Only for the ſmiling gueſts
At natal or at nuptial feaſts?
Rather thy lenient numbers pour
On thoſe whom ſecret griefs devour:
Bid be ſtill the throbbing hearts
Of thoſe whom death or abſence parts;
And with ſome ſoftly-whiſper'd air
Smooth the brow of dumb deſpair.

Warton.

THE laſt rays of the ſetting ſun yet lingered on the mountains which ſurrounded the diſtrict of ———; when Edward de Courtenay, after two fatiguing campaigns on the plains of Flanders, in one of which the gallant Sidney fell, re-entered his native village towards the end of Auguſt, 1587. He had loſt his father a few months before his departure for the continent, a loſs which had occaſioned him the moſt ſevere affliction, and had induced him thus early in life to ſeek amid the din of arms, and the ſplendour of military parade, a pauſe from painful recollection. Time, however, though it had mitigated the firſt poignant emotions of grief, had not ſubdued the tender feelings of regret and ſorrow, and the well-known objects of his early childhood and his opening youth, aſſociated as they were with the ſalutary precepts and fond affections of the beſt of parents, awakened in his mind a train of melancholy yet ſoothing thoughts, as with ſlow and pauſing ſteps he moved along the venerable avenue of trees, which led to his paternal manſion. Twilight had by this time wrapt every object in a veil of pleaſing obſcurity; all was huſhed in the ſofteſt repoſe, and the maſſineſs of the foilage under which he paſſed, and the magnitude and ſolitary grandeur of his gothic halls impreſſed the imagination of Edward with deep ſenſations of ſolemnity and awe. Two grey-headed ſervants, who had lived for near half a century in the family, received their young maſter at the gate, and whilſt the tears trickled down their withered cheeks expreſſed with artleſs ſimplicity their joy, and bleſſed the return of the ſon of their ancient benefactor.

After ſome affectionate enquiries concerning the neighbouring villagers, and the families of theſe old men, Edward expreſſed his intention of walking to the Abbey of Clunedale, which lay about a mile diſtant from the houſe; his filial affection, the penſive retroſpect of events endeared to memory, the ſweetneſs and tranquility of the evening, and that enthuſiaſm ſo congenial to the beſt feelings of the heart, gave birth to the wiſh of lingering a few moments over the turf which covered the remains of his beloved parent. Scarce however had he intimated this reſolution, when the ghaſtly paleneſs which overſpread the countenances of his domeſtics, and the diſmay that ſat upon their features, aſſured him that ſomething extraordinary was connected with the determination he had adopted, and, upon inquiry, his terrified ſervants informed him, though with ſome confuſion and reluctance, that, for ſome months paſt, they and the country round had been alarmed by ſtrange ſights and noiſes at the Abbey, and no one durſt approach the place after ſun-ſet. Edward ſmiling at the ſuperſtitious fears of his attendants, which he attributed ſolely to their ignorance and their love for the marvellous, aſſured them he entertained no apprehenſions for the event, and that he hoped ſhortly to convince them that their alarm was altogether unfounded. Saying this, he turned into the great avenue, and ſtriking off to the left, on whoſe winding banks a pathway led to the Abbey.

This venerable ſtructure had been ſurrendered to the rapacity of Henry the Eighth in 1540, and having been partly unrooted during the ſame year, had experienced a rapid decay. It continued however, along with the ſacred ground adjoining to it, to be a depoſitory for the dead, and part of the family of the Courtenays had for ſome centuries repoſed in vaults built on the outſide of the great weſt entrance of the church. In a ſpot adjacent to this ancient cemetry lay alſo the remains of the father of Edward, and hither filial piety was now conducting the young warrior as the gathering ſhades of evening dropped their deep grey tints on all around.

The ſolemn ſtillneſs of the air, the tremulous and uncertain light through which every object appeared, the ſoothing murmur of the water, whoſe diſtant tract could be diſcovered only by the white vapour which hovered on its ſurface, together with the ſedate and ſweeping movement of the melancholy owl as it ſailed ſlowly and conſpicuouſly down the valley, had all a natural tendency to induce a ſtate of mind more than uſually ſuſceptible of awful impreſſions. Over Edward, prediſpoſed to ſerious reflection by the ſacred purport of his viſit, they exerted a powerful dominion, and he entered the precincts of the Abbey in deep meditation on the poſſibility of the re-appearance of the departed.

The view of the Abbey too, diſmantled and falling faſt to decay, preſented an image of departed greatneſs admirably calculated to awaken recollections of the mutability and tranſient nature of all human poſſeſſions. Its fine gothic windows and arches ſtreaming with ivy, were only juſt perceptible through the duſk as Edward reached the conſecrated ground; where, kneeling down at the tomb of his father, he remained for ſome time abſorbed in the tender indulgence of ſorrow. Having cloſed, however, his pious petitions for the ſoul of the deceaſed, he was riſing from the hallowed mould and about to retrace his pathway homewards, when a dim light glimmering from amidſt the ruins arreſted his attention. Greatly aſtoniſhed at a phenomenon ſo ſingular, and ſuddenly calling to remembrance the ghaſtly appearance and fearful reports made by his ſervants, he ſtood for ſome moments rivetted to the ſpot, with his eyes fixed on the light, which ſtill continued to gleam ſteadily though faintly from the ſame quarter. Determined however to aſcertain from what quarter it proceeded, and almoſt aſhamed of the childiſh apprehenſions he had betrayed, he cautiouſly, and without making the leaſt noiſe, approached the weſt entrance of the church; here the light appeared to iſſue from the choir, which being at a conſiderable diſtance, and toward the other end of the building, he glided along its exterior, and paſſing the refectory and chapter houſe, re-entered the church by the ſouth portal near the choir. With footſteps light as air he moved along the damp and mouldering pavement, whilſt pale rays gleaming from afar faintly glanced on the ſhafts of ſome pillars ſeen in diſtant perſpective down the aiſle. Having now entered the choir, he could diſtinctly perceive the place from whence the light proceeded, and, on approaching ſtill nearer dimly diſtinguiſh a human form kneeling oppoſite to it. Not an accent, however, reached his ear, and, except the ruſtling noiſe occaſioned by the flight of ſome night-birds along the remote part of the ruin, a deep and awful ſilence prevailed.

The curioſity of Courtenay being ſtrongly excited, though mingled with ſome degree of apprehenſion and wonder, he determined to aſcertain, if poſſible, who this ſtranger was, and from what motives he viſited, at ſo unuſual an hour, a place ſo ſolitary and deſerted; paſſing therefore noiſeleſs along one of the ſide aiſles ſeparated from the choir by a kind of elegant lattice work, he at length ſtood parallel with the ſpot where the figure was ſituated, and had a perfect ſide view of the object of his ſearch. It appeared to be a middle-aged man who was kneeling on a white-marble ſlab near the great altar, and before a ſmall nich in the ſcreen which divides the choir from the eaſt end of the church; in the nich were placed a lamp and a cruciſix; he had round him a coarſe black garment bound with a leathern girdle, but no covering round the head; and as the light gleamed upon his features, Edward was ſhocked at the deſpair that ſeemed fixed in their expreſſion; his hand were claſped together, his eyes turned towards heaven, and heavy and convulſive ſighs at intervals eſcaped from his boſom, whilſt the breeze of night, lifting at times his diſordered hair, added peculiar wildneſs to a countenance which, though elegantly moulded, was of ghaſtly paleneſs, and had a ſternneſs and ſeverity in its aſpect, and every now and then diſplayed ſuch an acute ſenſe of conſcious guilt, as chilled the beholder and almoſt ſuppreſſed the riſing emotions of pity. Edward who had impatiently witneſſed this extraordinary ſcene, was about to addreſs the unhappy man, when groans as from a ſpirit in torture, and which ſeemed to rend the very boſom from which they iſſued, prevented his intention, and he beheld the miſerable ſtranger proſtrate in agony on the marble. In a few minutes however he aroſe and drawing from beneath his garment an unſheathed ſword held it ſtretched in his hands towards heaven, whilſt his countenance aſſumed ſtill deeper marks of frenzy. At this inſtant, when apprehenſive for the event, Edward deemed it highly neceſſary to interfere, and was ſtepping forward with that view, his purpoſe was ſuddenly arreſted by the ſound of muſic, which ſtealing along the remote parts of the Abbey in notes that breathed a ſoothing and delicious harmony, ſeemed the work of enchantment, or to riſe from the viewleſs harps of ſpirits of

the bleſt. Over the agitated ſoul of the ſtranger it appeared to diffuſe the balm of peace; his features became leſs rigid and ſtern, his eyes aſſumed a milder expreſſion, he croſſed his arms in meek ſubmiſſion on his boſom, and as the tones, now ſwelling with the richeſt melody of heaven, now tremuloufly dying away in accents of the moſt raviſhing ſweetneſs, approached ſtill nearer, the tears ſtarted in his eyes, and courſing down his cheeks bathed the deadly inſtrument yet gleaming in his graſp; this, however, with a heavy ſigh he now placed in the nich, and bowing gently forward ſeemed to pray devoutly: the convulſions which had ſhaken his frame ceaſed; tranquility ſat upon his brow, whilſt in ſtrains that melted into holy rapture every harſh emotion, the ſame celeſtial muſic ſtill paſſed along the air and filled the compaſs of the Abbey.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

Humorous.

Inſtructions for Inexperienced Sportſmen in ſhooting.

BY GEOFFRY GAMBADO, JUN.

Let your gun be ſtocked to the muzzle, and as heavy as poſſible; the firſt will prevent its eaſily breaking, and the latter convince your companions of your bodily ſtrength in being able to carry it.

Obſerve in particular, that the touch-hole is large enough; a large touch-hole has many advantages; in the firſt place, as to the point of communication, and ſhould you happen to loſe your priming, a good ſound knock on the other ſide will fill your pan in an inſtant. If it is apt to go off at half-cock, ſo much the better, it ſaves trouble and you are always prepared.

Let your barrel be kept as bright as poſſible, and the rays of the ſun reflecting from it, will dazzle the eyes of your game, and prevent their ſeeing you; and when placed in a conſpicuous part at home, will make a much better appearance than one of your dull brown or dark blue pieces.

Let your ſhooting belts be very large, and that for the ſhot capable of holding twenty or thirty pounds; it is impoſſible for you to define what quantity you may want; and beſides when well filled and croſſed on your breaſt, they will have a very handſome appearance. and convince people you intend to kill ſomething.

As to the article of dreſs, there are various opinions concerning it; ſome repreſent *boots* as abſolutely neceſſary—I think otherwiſe: get a pair of light thin *pumps*, with fine cotton or ſilk ſtockings; the advantages of being light about the heels are obvious; you will be able to purſue your game, jump over ditches: &c. with much greater eaſe than in a pair of heavy thick ſoled boots; a few thorns running into your feet or legs are trifles not to be regarded by true ſportſmen. Be ſure you wear a cock'd hat in preference to a round one, as it has a more martial appearance, and will not ſo much obſtruct your ſight as the latter. The other part of your dreſs is immaterial; but at any rate let your coat have long full ſkirts, this will enable you to cover your gun, and ſave your priming if it rains; as to the colour, white or a good crimſon is, in my opinion preferable.

In your equipment do not forget a game bag; as for myſelf being like my uncle *Geoffry*, a plain man, I have generally ſubſtituted a large cabbage net, or a pillow caſe; let your's be ſtrong and capacious, and capable of carrying three or four pounds of bread and cheeſe, with a reaſonable portion of gin or brandy, or any other liquor you like beſt.

The next thing to be conſidered is the choice of dogs: and here again there are various opinions; however, that you may not be at a loſs, I adviſe you to take two or three ſpecies with you on all occaſions; prefer thoſe which bark moſt, and have the ſtrongeſt tones; a few half grown puppies will alſo be ſerviceable, they will not keep ſneaking at your heels like an old dog, but, by their continually friſking and yelping, will aſſuredly raiſe all the game round you.

Some people are apt to deſpiſe that uſeful ſpecies of dogs called curs, but this is an error, for as they are generally a mixture of two or three diſtinct kinds, 'tis more than probable they alſo inherit the reſpective qualities of their relations and anceſtors.

Many ſportſmen think a ſhooting-poney a neceſſary appendage, but if your circumſtances will not permit you to purchace one, borrow a Jeruſalem hobby, vulgarly called a Jack-aſs, of ſome coſter-monger who has worked him hard, which, with the hard beating he may have had, will prevent him from being reſtive; another advantage attending this animal, will be his occaſional braying, which will very likely, put the birds on the wing.

All I ſhall ſay on the article ſhot is, that as you are uncertain what kind of game you may meet with, be prepared for all, by loading with a mixture of the different kinds, from Briſtol drop to ſnipe-ſhot.

Never go out till the ſun has been up ſome time; this will give you an opportunity of eating a good breakfaſt, and the dew being off the graſs, will prevent you catching cold in your feet.

As you are going to the ground where you expect to meet with game, you may exerciſe yourſelf by ſhooting at crows, cats, or tame fowls; this will bring your hand in, and prevent your ſtartling at the firſt report of your gun—a thing not unuſual to young ſportſmen. You may likewiſe train your dogs by ſetting them at a flock of ſheep or geeſe in your way; and your water-ſpaniels at any pond you may paſs, where there are a few tame ducks.

The moment you draw your trigger, be ſure to ſhut both your eyes; this will prevent the priming from hurting them, and you can open them time enough to ſee where the game falls.

Always carry your peice full cocked with the muzzle parallel with the horizon, you are then ready for any thing, and ſhould you chance by this to lodge a few ſhot in your companions breech or body, 'tis an accident ſo often happens to ſportſmen, it will not be regarded.

Be ſure to put powder enough in your gun; and let your wadding be of the ſtrongeſt paper you can get; this will prevent the ſhot from mixing with it; nor be ſparing of the latter, as from the quantity you are leſs liable to miſs your object.

Ram your ſhot down for at leaſt five minutes, your gun will make the better report, and the execution be more certain.

Always get the wind at your back if poſſible; it will hinder the ſmoke from flying in your eyes, and if the weather be dry, the duſt alſo.

Hammer your flint well with the back part of your knife after every diſcharge, this will give it a fine edge, and prevent your miſſing fire.

On coming to a buſh or copſe, beat it with the muzzle of your gun, and ſhout luſtily, this will put your dog in ſpirits, and if there is any game, you will be ſure to put it up.

On ſtopping to reſt yourſelf, always put the muzzle of your gun under one arm; it will ſerve to ſupport you, and prevent any wet or rain from getting down the barrel.

After you have killed all you can, if you ſhould refreſh at a hedge-ale houſe, aſſume airs of conſequence, curſe the practice, and offer a reward for the apprehenſion of poachers; threaten to diſcharge your game keeper, talk of intimacy with great and noble ſportſmen, and this will make you appear ſomebody, and the ignorant ruſtics will perhaps ſay you are a *gemman*.

When you return home let your game bag be full, if it is only graſs; ſplaſh yourſelf as much as poſſible, the dirtier you are, will prove you have been indefatigable in your purſuit; and when you join your aſſociates, give an exaggerated account of your day's ſport, and what great quantities of game you have diſtributed to very particular friends on your way home.

A HINT.

A late traveller in Italy ſays, "I have ſeen on a day which only threatened rain, a guard of Roman Soldiers turn out, every one of which had an umbrella under his arm, the drummer and fifer only excepted."

An officer once relating to his friend the circumſtance of his having fallen over a large *pig* when going full dreſſed to a ball, the other immediately replied, 'that, my dear fellow was a *d—d boar!*'

An Hibernian wit ſeeing an old man and woman in the *ſtocks*, remarked that, 'they put him in mind of the *babes in the wood*.'

Military Toaſt.

The Militia of this ſtate.—May the call of our country beat the *reveille* to every generous paſſion of our boſom; and the *tattoo* to thoſe which are ſelfiſh.—On our march through life, may we never forſake the ſtandard of freedom and republicaniſm; and at the evening of our days, and when Death ſhall call his ſolemn *roll*, may an unabated love for our country appear firſt on the *muſter*, and the ſign for its happineſs be the *evening gun* of our lives.

AN EXAMINATION

OF the Youth, inſtructed at the ſubſcriber's Academy, will take place on Tueſday and Wedneſday next, (1ſt and 2d Auguſt)

The young Gentlemen will be examined in the morning of each day, and the young Ladies on Wedneſday afternoon.

On Thurſday at ½ paſt 9, A. M. original Orations on intereſting ſubjects will be delivered at the Capitol, by four of the ſenior ſtudents.

Parents, Guardians, and in general, the friends of juvenile inſtruction, are earneſtly requeſted to attend.

L. H. Girardin.

July 27, 1809.

N. B. The Examination will be held at the Academy, and commence on each day at 9 in the forenoon.

MARRIAGES.

Thrice happy ſtate ! where with no dark allay,
Life's faireſt ſunſhine gilds the vernal day !
For here the ſigh, that ſoft affection heaves,
From ſtings of ſharpeſt wo the ſoul relieves.

MARRIED, In Elizabeth town, New Jerſey, on the 5th inſt, by the Revd. Dr. Kollock, *Edward Harris*, Eſq. of Newbern, North Caroliina, to Miſs *Sarah H. Kollock*, of the former place.

———In Perſon county, Pen. on the 11th inſt. *John Lea* Eſq. aged 60 years, to Miſs *Peggy Saterfield*, aged 55.

———At Wilmington on the 27 June, Mr, *Samuel R Jocelyn*, merchant to Miſs *Mary Ann Sampſon*, daughter of Michael Sampſon, Eſq. of Sampſon county.

DEATHS.

From death no age nor no conditions ſave,
As goes the freeman, ſo departs the ſlave,
The chieftain's palace, and the peaſant's bower.
Alike are ravag'd by his haughty power.

COMMUNICATION.

DIED, On Friday the 21ſt of the preſent month Mrs. *Judith Saunders*, conſort of Col. Robert Saunders of Goochland, after a lingering illneſs which ſhe bore with the patience and fortitude that indicated a perfect reſignation to the eternal decrees of an all wiſe Providence. To attempt to ſketch the character of this truly amiable woman is a taſk which the writer of this feels himſelf unable with juſtice to perform; ſuffice it then to ſay, that ſhe was univerſally reſpected and beloved by all who knew her, and that ſhe has left a kind and affectionate family to lament their great loſs. The poor too, when they paſs by and drop a tear on her grave may with truth exclaim there lies our friend. May we not then with the greateſt confidence hope ſhe is enjoying in a far better world than this that everlaſting repoſe which we are told is the portion of thoſe who poſſeſs virtues like hers.

———On the morning of the 7th inſt. at the Navy Yard at New-York, after three days illneſs, *Catharine Ann Chauncey*, youngeſt daughter of Capt Iſaac Chauncey of U. States navy.

———At Anapolis, on the evening of the ſixth inſtant. *Benjamin Ogle*, Eſq. late Governor of Maryland, in the 61ſt year of his age.

———At Philadelphia, Mrs. *Eſther Fullerton*. aged 90.

———On the 30th ult aged 109, *Suſannah Warder*, formerly the wife of Virgil Warder, who was one of the houſe ſervants of William Penn, proprietor of Penſylvania. This aged black woman (a daughter of one of his cooks) was born at his manſion houſe in Pennſbury Manor, in March, 1701, being the ſame year in which he left the provi... on his return to England—At that time, Philadelphia, now the largeſt city in the U. States, was a wilderneſs, the inhabitants of which were chiefly Indians, of the Delaware and other tribes. Suſannah was tall and ſtraight in her perſon, graceful in all her deportments, agreeable in her manners, and temperate in her mode of living. Her memory was good and her ſight, which improved towards the cloſe of her life, remarkably clear; but of late time ſhe became hard of hearing.---The Penn family, reſpecting her faithful ſervices in the days of her youth, allowed an annual ſum to ſupport her comfortably when ſhe was not able to work, to the end of her days.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Many and imperious have been the claims upon our gratitude (ſince the appearance of our fourth number, in which were publiſhed ſome faint expreſſions of it) to which we have been apparently inattentive, but have nevertheleſs felt their urgency ; and as this impreſſion completes the firſt half year of our editorial exiſtence, we conceive it our duty, ſo far as our humble means, the poverty of language will ſerve us, to diſcharge our arrears of thankfulneſs. We therefore intreat every lady and gentleman, who has favored the *Viſitor* either by thought word or deed, to accept of our warmeſt acknowledgements ; eſpecially the author of ſuch communications as have been made to us under the ſignature of G. whoſe fancy, we are delighted to obſerve, is hourly expanding, and, under the guidance of his ripening judgment, will doubtleſs produce many a feaſt to the lovers of literature.

Philoneiros too is particularly requeſted to accept our thanks, but juſtice to ourſelves makes it neceſſary to remark that the manuſcript mentioned in the addreſs to us at the head of his dreams, had never, that we know of, any other than an imaginary exiſtence; and therefore it is only by favor of Morpheus(whom we now invoke to renew his operations on the fancy of Philoneiros) that we can hope to continue them.

Agricola and *Senex* alſo are among the firſt objects of our gratitude.

Inclination would lead us to notice in this way many donors to our poetical department, but want of room forbids it ; wherefore we hope they will conſider themſelves included in the above general expreſſion of our feelings and not only continue but increaſe their favors.

Confined as we are though, we muſt give place to a ſentiment of ſorrow excited by the ſituation of our friend *Honeycomb*, who it ſeems, has not yet recovered ſufficient compoſure to continue his promiſed remarks ; this however, is not without a mixture of hope, that ere long " Richard will be himſelf again."

To the *Stranger*, who is a candidate for a place in the *Viſitor*, we beg leave to recommend (as a ſtep towards the object of his ambition) a few leſſons from that orthographical luminary Noah Webſter.

The ideas of R, though trite, are good, and if well dreſſed, would appear truly reſpectable ; but in their preſent diſhabille of coarſe proſe and ragged poetry, they are more likely to excite ridicule than admiration, and therefore we decline the opportunity afforded us of introducthem to the public.

We promiſed in our Proſpectus, that each number ſhould contain " a Summary of foreign and domeſtic intelligence ;" but it was ſuggeſted to us, that in a country where intelligent newſpapers are accetible to every citizen, the columns of a paper like ours might be better occupied, which induced us to diſcontinue it, and which we hope will be generally admitted as a ſufficient apology for ſo doing.

Conſcience accuſes us of many typographical errors, but truſting our faculties are yet alive to the influence of Time and Attention' we indulge a hope that our future publications will be more perfect. To enumerate all our *ſlips of the eye* however, in the form of an errata, would evince a blamable prodigality of time ; but in the 4th Bar of the 1ſt Clarinet part of the march in our laſt, for F on the 5th line, read D on the 4th. After all, this march, we know, is not calculated to excite much intereſt among profound muſicians; but the author thinks every compoſition that is intended as a vehicle for popular feeling, ſhould be ſo eaſy to execute and to remember, that all who have any muſical ability may occaſionally unite in the performance of it. This opinion, he hopes, will ſerve as an apology for the ſtyle of what he has offered to the public ; and not render it leſs congenial to the well-merited and increaſing glow of friendſhip which encircles the illuſtrious perſonage after whom it is named.

☞TO SUBSCRIBERS.

And now, tho' laſt not leaſt, we crave
A dollar of each friend, to ſave
The VISITOR from ſtarving ;
For truly, when we're prone to eat.,
If on the board there be no meat,
It cramps our ſkill in carving.

Original Poetry.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

The ſketches of poetry which I ſhall occaſionally ſend you for publication in the Viſitor were written by a young man from the country who reſided in this city nearly twelve months. He preſented them to me at his departure as a teſtimony of private regard; and without the concurrence of the writer do I offer them to the public. Were I about to preſent you with the productions of an accompliſhed ſcholar, early inſtructed in the paths of ſcience, and enrolled on the ſplendid records of literary eminence, this apology would be unneceſſary; but the author of whom I have ſpoken, is a far different character. Without the pecuniary means of acquiring an education, his name is unknown in the annals of genius; but if ſtrong mental powers, the gift of nature; if and amiable temper, the moſt benevolent diſpoſition will render him, to the ſocial philanthropiſt, worthy of diſtinction, I will venture to pronounce the claims of my friend are inſuperable. For the preſent I ſend two pieces addreſſed to a young lady, of whom he was enamoured. If you think them productions of ſuch merit (making due allowance for the ſituation and diſadvantages of the author) as are entitled to a place in your miſcellany, I ſhall fulfil my promiſe of ſending the remainder, under the ſignature of

HARMON.

TO MISS ———.

Yon roſe that wears the bluſh of morn,
Which glittering drops of dew adorn,
Of various hue;
Whilſt its chaſte beauties I ſurvey,
Its fragrance ſip, as zephyrs play,
I think of you.

Yon violet too, that gives delight,
Preſenting to th' enraptured ſight
A matchleſs blue!
Whilſt gazing mute—it often brings
Upon my view, on fancy's wings,
The form of you.

When each fair flower I behold,
Which to mine eye its charms unfold,
In ſhining dew;
Or, wafted on the gentle gale,
Its odors o'er the air prevail,
I think of you.

But flowers for time were never made;
The roſe muſt die, the violet fade,
Their virtues too;
But tho' thy beauties ſhould decay,
Thy mind will never melt away,
But be with you.

HARMON.

ADDRESSED TO MISS———.

Ah! Lovely maid, could heaven thoſe charms beſtow,
With tender feeling form that gentle mind,
To give a guiltleſs heart eternal woe;
And in the chains of wan deſpair to bind.

Say can thoſe eyes, than chryſtal ſtreams more bright,
The ſoft luxuriance of love that beam,
To cold indiff'rence change their ſparkling light;
And on a hapleſs lover cheerleſs gleam.

Oh can, where pleaſure ſits in radiant peace
On Beauty 's brow, where ſadneſs yields to joy,
To hold its tranquil empire ever ceaſe,
A ſingle frown its cheerfulneſs deſtroy.

Tell me, If I am ever doomed to be
With endleſs pain engaged, in deadly ſtriſe;
In dull ſuſpenſe, I wait thy laſt decree
To ſnap the cords of miſery, of life.

HARMON.

THE CATASTROPHE,

Founded on fact.

Say, can a tale of woe delight the ear?
In melancholy canſt thou pleaſure feel?
O liſten! and what happen'd I'll relate;
Not heard nor fear'd, but what myſelf have known.

Bright beam'd the hopes of William's youthful hours,
And he anticipated pow'r and fame,
When Ocean's ſons aſſail'd his father's land,—
His voluntary aid he gave, nor left
The threaten'd city, nor the ſea-beat ſhore,
Until his country's voice recall'd him home.
Skill'd in the labyrinths of legal lore,
He might have ris'n to honour, fame, and wealth,
But ah! he lov'd; for one ſoft boſom heav'd
His ardent breaſt, and hopes of deareſt bliſs
Were cheriſh'd in the pulſes of his heart!
For ſhe had giv'n him many a tender ſmile,
And glance of love; but 'twas coquetry all!
He told his flame; repuls'd, neglected, ſcorn'd;
His ev'ry hour he gave to bitt'reſt wo;
Or if one ray of ſhort-liv'd pleaſure gleam'd
Athwart his mind, it was the frantic child
Of Bacchus's deleterious, pois'nous bowl.
Vain conſolations of ſurrounding friends!
Availing little to the wounded mind,
To him availing nought. At length the youth,
Won by his brother to relinquiſh Wine,
Reſorted to a ſurer remedy,
A pow'r more fell, more deleterious.
He left the world upon the deſperate wing
Of ſuicide—Such was my brother's fate!
My brother and my friend! ſuch is the pow'r
Of madd'ning Beauty on a fervid ſoul.

CALEB.

VARIETY.

Who can o'ercome our nature's laws,
And love one bluſhing maid alone,
While yet exiſts an equal cauſe,
And every beauty claims her own?

What'er is ſaid by me 'tis known
That love has ſwift and active wings,
And oft transfers the magic zone,*
And often wounds with various ſtings.

If Bella's cheeks divinely glow,
The blood in Suſan's mount as high!
If Anna's locks bewitching flow,
Or vivid ſparkles lights her eye,

From Charlotte's equal arrows fly,
And Betſy's boſom is as fair,
More fitted for a warm love ſigh;
And Mary curls as brilliant hair.

CALEB.

* *The zone of Venus which has the power of making all beholders love the perſon by whom it is worn.*

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